



ATONAL

Simultaneously existence.

The interpretation of the reflection where he has emotions.

Metaphysically Substitution

And there lies the mode of subtraction.

Well, abort..

Not fled,

Not sparrow or nor swan.

Seem as further than to distinguish.

The flower and the new moon.

I never see you but I love you.

Imagination is the out of board.

The long tongue.

As more seems to estimate.

Mate, we are tiger, we are ginger.

Run towards the death.

Though laughs like sane and cry like the insane.

Both of us we are alike.

As I seek, I am never seen.

Magnet and gravity.

Burns the fire.

I shall never break

As usual, my mean heart turns to pale.

There it grows the black flower

As imagination the colorful scent.

This is up to,

If you see the shit,

And don't you are up to.

We are meeting as certainly

With existence of desire.

As seems like before, we fantasize.

We are snail, bugs, and worms.

We are overturning shells.

Though this could be more to imagine like you are my reflection.

And it breaks down to fraction.

It flies away with sudden sort.

Again and again.

Strain.

What says to what

Merges like the substitution

What we say is difference in term

As more indistinctively

This is or we are electronics.

As seems like more closely.

Where we deny

The electric kick.

The hard rod.

And more into it...

We are catchy, loves to.

Though but still color like fantasy.

Where it belongs to

Relation, direct means,

But in some where beautiful there with more banana

Some are as usual and before green.

Magnificent, glow

Answer hole,

Dwell toward

Relativation of pole

Bamboo and the pole

Sound and dried leafs

More in sustain

What to what.

Thereafter a longliness
The imagination is thread
How do not injustice
And where we are standing
Like flower, sunflower,
In color white to red.
Vibrant and discomfort of peeking from the side of the window.
We could find it.
Imagining the same old shakespeare
We determine
We are stuck in the mudshit
Believe in sphere child.
We are round and we are bound.
Delta delta Dissolve.
This is not the zone.
As more comparatively
As we known to seems.
Most comparatively again, it could never run through.
Even the tenses are the always same.
Portrait and charm
Function and storage.
Much similar to ozone.
Why still we don't want.
Just to believe.
What we say to ourselves.
As truly
Peep from the side of your mirror.
Make sure nobody sees you, motherfucker.

And

Skies and knots

Thereafter and calculation.

Whistles and lunatics.

Coca and power

Ideas and width

Beyond and puppet

Perpetual and elaboration

Condolence and affection

Sun with along the own light

And after Friday.

Paved and crafted.

Mother and estimation

Smile and condense

Perpetual and again and again.

The question of metaphysics

Where to when.

I like to answer as long as.

But where should you born from.

May be from far behind the asshole.

We must breathe

There we call it fair than the nature.

Of fear.

But we can't.

We are swimming in the yellow, just imagine.

Gold like old or hits like the stars.

That are numb blinking there as eyes.

We should love the number.

We don't like to awake with eyes open.

More and more depth.

Where we understand with underestimation with eye.

We are....

Clears out like dust from the bin.
As long as we seems to go east and east.
We don't like yes.
And never reverse.
The song would sing you same.
From verse to verse.
Substitution is disease.
We shall never be cure.
We love cream and dream.
What do I like to possess is mind.
Like yellow and dull...
Sometime full of squirt ball
It rolls into much like
Alike figure
That could not evolve in the tea, bird and around.
Though I got to know as soon.
The bells that rings is to me that may not as for you.
The continuous banging of the enormous plank of wood block.
The giant piercing through it.
It seems like toilet
Where leaves out the grey fluid.
The medium of exchange.
Every roll it takes it takes sticky grey.
And filter of beans.
And why do I not, then?
We are terminator hanging on the thread.
As million years before.
Difference is they don't have soul.
Although the when we are reversely generated now.
And now onwards I am insoluble.

The Mother is synonym for?

Watch out strawberry

Little dirty snap.

Although it went through

Flying with wings

Not far from eye.

Where believe is garment of two pieces.

We lick it and sweat it.

Aah... This is beautiful inside the tub.

And those strawberries are still flying over and over.

Drastic fulcrum and uniformly.

Disasteristic swift

And though however we turn to beneath,

The cycle and more than it.

Neither could be preoccupied.

You seems to the net

And you are, I am in.

Let you kiss me.

Let you lick me.

I am finished and you are free.

Watch out flying, I am wishing for...

The kite with along and aloneness.

Dirty snap and more little ahead.
Probability to stray and lay wild.
What we are defined.
Running, running as the game and song.
The fault song.
We are what we are to ignore.
We shall to the height my mother's flesh and laugh.
Satisfied.
Cause and in turning away.
I am here for reason.
The love is the powder.
I am you where you could not exist.
Where it caused
I am little boy.
I am little boy.
Ignorance.
You are dissolve in the mirror and I am left behind.
The fault as you never would be turning back.
And the big cat giant appears.
The same old tiger.
I laid off the skin and sleep till the dawn.
Lick me, lick me.
And from behind the same.
The whore moans fuck me, fuck me.
The history of the whores.
By the market away from sweat.
She lay on the softness.
By the market away from the wine.
She lay on the mattress.
By the market away from the stream
She lay on straw and berries.
All sings the same.
Yeah me, yeah me.

Matter of perspective.

Reversely with tongue out

Much thing that quiet similar

And that bar covered with chocolate.

Where hangs the naked and raged around.

Spread sometime or most of time I replace with them.

Oh! Bearance ...

But it's flowing.

There is and here is cover of universality.

I do not meant to go. I said.

And since when, I am sick.

I am ill like pomegranate.

Fragmented and stayed in bunch.

What should we call it society.

We love it.

Nude, naked racked.

Fuckers and fucking assholers.

And heavily the light burns for cigarette

Fall into drainage with the love of the god.

Almost everything.

Straight as ruin, and as beautiful as till death.

Feelings and emotions are tip of the tongue.

We are what we meant to spread.

Sleeping Raincoat

The shit pro-habit of interrelation

Decaying and founding an images like I called it always my fossils.

Most of them are broken and more imageless than the imagination.

Radical Rain and lying coat

Whether it meant to and nor to be buried.

Leaping soul to the dark chocolate.

And nothing else drops like an imagination

We are sleeping outside raining

Innocurance and it illuminate

Disappear into black stone.

For wiping the shit.

Let's close eyes should we dream the same.

Like a like wrath piece.

And drinking each saliva.

That bird have shot

With hope and incurable

And we are the sucker that can't remember.

And that bird splashes

In the hand that carries cigarette

Burned

It differs with the toxication and education.

Belt around and round

Let not it fall down.

We are suspensor, sensor and vacant

And each owl of the branches are not blind

They fly with eyes open

Nor either

And much seem than balls too

Much quiet similar with testicles and worried lice

Black as forest and tasty

The bubbles of white lump

Much farther than the instinct

Designed denied and lateral kiss

Far behind the tip of the tongue

It flies around the turn of the bee.

So insensitive and virtual actual you are true.

Falls from the decaying tongue

Like it is not reliable in each saliva

How it is defined.

Believe is in dice head.

It is hole nature.

As more compatibly with adjustment of the system.
Since, until the thirsty well roams for the drink.
It remains wet damp wet.
And always in thirst.
The dry dips and vanishes.
But this well is always wet moist and thirsty.
Thousand time it's kissed
The more it wet.
It shout in desperate
Inject me, I would never move it unless it is wet, moist and damp.
This is bitter and silently betray.
Father is not enough.

Malfunction

Flower to my friends
The warmness that frozen
Vanishes into smokes
Injected insulation
Infected the perception.
Though offering the black genuine rose.
We turn away our faces.
We don't believe souls.
We believe in existence.
I am happy I burned it down
Into ashes, with truth of black shades of ashes
That I believe the color of shadows.
The whisper the songs in silent.
As I am never exist. Smiles and turn it's way.

Goose flies over the hemisphere

Near, nearer, and nearest.

The wet awaits under the standing umbrella.

Blind in literally.

Flying, flown over flying again and again.

With remark of mis-death.

Colored blind black.

All cursed.

Flight over again till hemisphere

Taking off the cap the hair grows.

With umbrella it flown.

We run and run with these.

Grey geese.

Rubbing the grooving worm
Kicking the bubbles up.
The morning ball belly
And mama rub the belly ball.
Give along the warm ball.
Like circle it wombs up and up.
Take along the new world
Behind with rain drops and small riff of thunder.
Back again.
Look to the mirror.
Run away to the plane.
Sweat, only bug.
Scream fades to soothing melody.
Imagination is dramatic.
Lost in the trust of dead files.
Into my you.
When your eyes.
Rain of nose .
The glitter of eagle eye.
Wait for something down.
Turning instead.
Nature of ignorance.
Just while, I can't turn back.
I see me. I see me.
Say who is the one, say who is the one.
Smash.....
Brothel less smile..
The hanging mind without reflection.
Where I stare always.
The dry grey, the my ignorance.
The dry grey, the my kiss.

Crystal realization

Moth is in the air

Heart is in the ear.

Hate is everywhere

Death is in the end.

Someone so narrative.

So hence the fall and we.

No the carry as o.

Happy hour of plenty sepia up to the moon.

While until the dry

I would hunt to the fly.

Ear waits to the fluid.

Can't we dream the same with error to begin.

I want to wear fun out of you.

Can't we dream with same error and love.

Where we dissolve in unit.

Where it exist in each soul.

Till the small sleep.

When wings in culture they grew to vulture.

We need ear to hear the fear.

Bipolarly we deserve to see.

We are schizophernised

Only you can talk with image and reflection.

I talk with me.

You are man, I am disease.

Rocket for the while

Give me insomnia.

You are magic, I am imagination.

Dead burned piece of meat.

You are war, I am way.
Come to me, drink some peace.
Sleep in my arms, we would die soon.
I would not harm you.
Do not fear with peace.
Kill me I would turn to you.
Though there shall be.
I am existence as you.
Kill, die and shall love that shall never end.
Untransferably I Love you more than I can say.
Turn, turn to gaze
Upon the defined.
Long and continuous
Changes and indulgent.
Thought thirst
Decays and within.
Far across the salvation we only love to kiss.
We shall begin though and with certain rock we surrender to taste.
That tail pulls onward with something grace. Hear like story that hurt with...
Where shall carry ever instinct.
Till where the mind says.
Here shall we begin
Death we began to think.
Death where began to moan.
Lastly I laid down with love and affection.
There was music humming with death of sound.
I tried to persuade.
The shadows are walking across like souls.
Actually they are their reflection.
I was lying, musing and dwelling on the jelly belly of wonder.
Baby I would come tonight to meet you, to say I love you.
And now I laid on certain pause.

That is continuous lunatic.

The heat from the coal of the fossils.

And as they are turning to grey ashes and flying.

Rest flown remaining fossils.

Some are only stories and I smile to ever wondering of their reappearance.

And I could bury and smile like they are just my lend memories.

And I am paying my debt.

Someday I would like stories I have no to pay.

And I smile twice and began with new stories from no memories.

I meant to lunatic.

I would kiss them, dear.

Rememorizing

We never knew of color, flower

We would lie together with only the warmness of love.

Though utter like, I as. Many ways to,

Questing of half oval

Far like curve.

Is this worth?

Blur, alike, in someway

We stand a side to insist.

Repulses at what we never re again

Look, what you feel

Hear, it would touch.

Picture

Far Across the fish memory

I act to be dissolve and I goes along

The winding wire, facing circle up the ceiling

Slant open doors the handles stares

All buried under the coffins.

I am watching.

Am I alive?

They goes through in, they goes out.

What they bring?

Same as life but dies continuously.

Songs are beautiful.

Songs are always beautiful.

Though they are death, I am alive.

Though they remain in the picture,

I am framed.

I am frame.

Under the shadows that knocks me always as if they are calling me.

I am confused.

I am always confused.

Confused as you are alive?

I think you are alive.

You must be alive.

You must be alive.

That what we call re- insist.

And I do lay along.

For the circular that stares along the ceiling.

As if I am too, death...

Yes friend, I am dead like you.

Disperse

Where it intends to disappear.

Vivid and in transitory

Imagination goes out of focus

Though it appears in sub consciousness.

Silently trespassing.

Therefore applied in unintentionally.

We enjoy to say screenplay.

Residue

Cultural Vapor

Fluid dream

And love

Image of mixed elementary

The behaviors that create the face.

Perhaps my mind could tell you the story

That floats into Cream.

Sour hour

The pale wheat flour.

Laid upon the warmness of await.

With blur and toward existence.

Like I taste sour.

Only I could be time assumption

May be I am new flower

Closer and closer it intends to disappear in this hour.

It is sour the staring flower.

What is the poetry that change the color?

Mood

Casual mode of disappearance.

Rain is what always for me.

Last way along the imagination where I am waiting

Ignorance is my synonym.

I disappear into dark.

To rain...

To drop the poetry

And on the last way,

I am ignored.

Existence

Where we breathe.

Circumstance where we confuse.

And what I am clear is you.

Since I have been loving you.

I see light.

I began to miss you.

I feel sad without you.

Baby, I love you.

Disappearance and matter of differences
Perpetually the mind curved as along.
Where there lies the certainty to deny
As most commonly.
And lost the determination to swallow
Rather the cabbage float along the stream
Where it deserves to take towards and for onwards.
It passes and dries most of it.
It disappear and matter to difference.
Though we say until as.
Many many flower along the leaves.
Where bunny chases to.
White trees around
Dreaming into cauliflowers.
The vultures are dead.
The statics are raw.
We can't deserve it.
Why should I?
Everybody sees me.
Why should not I?
And dies along with.

Pomegranate- The illustration

We are kissy

We are red.

We are grain and undispersed

Coat, coater, coated.

Red as blood.

Bulged to the emergence.

Hidden poem grains.

We love you sweetly.

The vaginal production

Head

This is the talk.

With or without.

Disguise is the atmosphere.

As soon as colored balloon fly on the night.

As it seem than nor other than.

The bomb blast into literally star.

It is side as you imagine.

Do you lie upon emptiness?

The large mouth though it escapes.

The higher the balloon flies into within.

Room

Before it takes into solution.

We are invited taken care.

And grown into reality of falsehoodness .

And we release to breathe.

Pleasant Violet

Where I love.

And lost.

Where freedom lies within.

Soluble.

Confusion is my duality.

Should I get confuse or not?

With dealing with existence

I got to be confused one more time

Long live duality.

Technical mares

That runs around like hare.

Dragging around like kangaroos.

Loitering porcupine.

Accuse insane.

The still blue.

Intentional

Roar inside foxy eye

It seems more away than the pet.

Crush the bottle and suck bitten bone.

We who laughs aloud.

Confusion with the man.

Diana with long gown.

Red lips and anger eye which reflects the more fear.

It is story of mirage that vanishes

Like betrayer.

Then in extreme sun.

The walk begin of life.

That with love along with the shade. And towards the light.

Small smile

With love.

Mono synthetic

Reverse rehearsal

Insoluble.

More than a hence.

Somewhere since it goes

And flows

Rose rose come close

Implantation

Heavy intention

And high branches

Awaited trances

The monkey dance.

Roaring and rambling

Implanting, Awaiting

High trance, high branch

Mono chrome

Shade less part of life.

Where there is no reflection

Shameless is the shame.

Reflection is the revisited, reverse.

And it dissolve, with inner vengeance.

When you move closer to it,

It's clear and fine crystal of mono chrome.

Object is appeared closer than it appears.

Drop less with dripless

Objectless. With assumption

Dissolve... and silence.

Non appeared, non- illusionative silence

Ignorance is the kiss.

That what you dissolve.

Drip, dripper is the taste.

Never circled around the lips.

Dry kiss into deepness.

Drink dry...

Silence feast.

Have I lost the informants?

Non acceptable.

Ignorance.

Bad smell.

Performance?

Else things?

The feast, silence feast.

The visual silence.

The presence is null.

Though where it lies far beneath.

In instinctual manner of much similarities.

Whether we can see or not, it is not.

17 eggs old.

Substitution in the old way gives the protein.

Metaphorically or implementary

The existence of randomness and hence elongates

To along through

17 old eggs.

A blind man need light for imagination.

My dream begins with arises.

I never want to open it.

But my desire to torn apart.

Whereas ever usual

We never have habit of assumption.

It is your arc and sharp foxy stroke.

Cut it the wires lines.

The bulb sleeps.

And disappears.

Matrix between relativity

Conscience approaching to mirror.

More similarity to approach reverse to the beyond.

As you seek that you never have to.

Unless a self-element defined.

Beneath you is always silence.

Be with it and be without it.

Story telling of free

Where we are here and we are not

Non exist able

But beautiful

With fucking lunatic it's tree

Rumbling Intersection that apart

Man is twice the between the egg.

Much more image to effect as fade.

Away and way

Little to the mind.

Where cockroaches are still crawling on the streets.

To the sweet home.

Monastery

The silence I remember

The home for the soul.

Decaying along again again

Between the teeth.

Lastly it turns to enter.